
Title: "Fairy Land."

Author: Edgar Allen Poe.

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A leather bound
black book, with
embossed red
lettering.
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Dim vales and
shadowy floods

And cloudylooking
woods,

Whose forms we can't
discover
For the tears that drip
all over!

Huge moons there
wax and wane

Again again again
Every moment of the
night

Forever changing
places

And they put out the
starlight

With the breath from
their pale faces.

About twelve by the
moondial,

One more filmy than
the rest
(A kind which, upon
trial,

They have found to be
the best)

Comes down still down
and down,

With its centre on the
crown

Of a mountain's
eminence,

While its wide
circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over
halls,

Wherever they may
be

O'er the strange woods
o'er the sea

Over spirits on the
wing

Over every drowsy
thing
And buries them up
quite
In a labyrinth of light

And then, how deep!
O, deep!

Is the passion of their
sleep.

In the morning they
arise,

And their moony
covering
Is soaring in the
skies,

With the tempests as
they toss,

Like almost anything
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no
more

For the same end as
before

Videlicet, a tent
Which I think
extravagant:

Its atomies, however,
Into a shower
dissever,

Of which those
butterflies
Of Earth, who seek
the skies,

And so come down
again,

(Nevercontented
things!)
Have brought a
specimen

Upon their quivering
wings.

The End.